



The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II. NO. 7.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1857.

{WHOLE NO. 58.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

In the Beautiful Realm of Sleep.
BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

In the beautiful realm of sleep,
What golden dreams may come,
What stary castles may there arise,
And lift their heads to the dimpled skies,
What mountains of flowers may burst to bloom,
And sicken the soul with their rich perfume,
In the quiet vale of sleep.

O, Angel of shadow wings
Who bringest the boun of sleep,
When the soul is weary and the eyes are dim,
Thy rustling wing is a holy hymn,
And its shadow nestles the soul to rest,
And falls like balm on the weary breast,
O, Angel of shadow wings.

O, Angel of beautiful dreams,
When we sink to the sleep of death,
When the eye grows dim and the heart is chill,
When the lips move not and the pulse is still,
Will thy bright wings nestle within the tomb,
And cast a light o'er its mighty gloom,
O, Angel of beautiful dreams.

N. Y., Jan. 1857.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LINES.
Respectfully Inscribed to Miss V. C. L., of
Oxford, N. C.

BY MATTIE MAY.

Tis sad to think o'er by-gone days
And wish again they were near;
To sing again the old time lays;
Still to our hearts so dear.
To lift the veil and read the heart,
And find it turning back,
To other scenes which soon depart,
And leave a barre track.

To know that in our childhood's life
We found not aught of care—
But now we're in the battle strife
The heart must grieve and bear—
Tis sad to twin the fading wreath
Of earth around our bough,
And find no dewy flower or leaf
Aim the laurel bough.

How oft we turn with sickened soul
From aught this world can give;
Loathing its joys—it's glittering gold—
Yet, feel that we must live;
And 'tis a blessed thing to find
On our life's rippling tide
A cloud with radiant silver lined
To cheer us as we glide.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.
BY WM. HASCHE, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER I.

Reader—I do not say, "gentle reader," as the fashion is, for I despise the querelle expression; and you may not feel so very gentle just now; but if you are as fervent as a centaur, I wish to tame you by gaining your attention to the subject of music—come, listen to my talk about this heaven-blessed science.

You have heard all your life, perhaps, the old classic story of Orpheus, the reported son of Apollo and the muse Calliope, at the sound of whose harp, "rapid rivers ceased to flow, savage beasts of the forest forgot their wildness, and mountains moved" from their places; and when he descended into hell to recover his lost and loved Eurydice, Pluto himself stood entranced at the sound of his lyre, the wheel of the tired Ixion stopped and gave the poor wretch a breathing spell, the stone of Sisyphus ceased its eternal rolling, Tantalus forgot his raging thirst, and even the Fates relented. All this, you know, is only a fabulous way of describing the power of music. Much more than this has been said, and grandly said, from age to age, on the same subject.

God has placed His myriad harps everywhere, in the sighing winds, the roaring ocean, the electric thunder, and in the throats of beasts, and birds, and men. Timbers creak in regular melodic numbers; and the notes of chickens, wood-peckers, and nightingales may be correctly represented by musical diagrams. Get Gardner's *Music of Nature*, of Russel & Richardson, Boston, Mass., or of Mason Brothers, N. Y., and you will see a most happy and beautiful illustration of this subject. God's harps are everywhere, and men have found means to represent their notes to the eye.

Did you ever hear "The Minute Gun at Sea," in which certain notes are made to imitate the distant booming of cannon? or Haydn's "Oratorio of the Creation," in which chaos in darkness is represented by ten thousand clanging, jarring, discordant sounds, followed by the sweetest gushing of melody, that earth can know, at the words, "and God said, 'Let there be light?'" If you have heard these, and many more, grand and beautiful pieces, still you may be wondering how such things could have been written—how musicians can represent so many things in their science to the eye.

Come then and let us (you and me) have singing school for a few weeks, and see if I can explain to you the principles of music. If you prove an attentive pupil and I a wise instructor, you will thank me thro' all the remainder of your life for teaching you, and the Editors of the *Times* for giving me the opportunity to do it. I am aware that many good people in N. C. are prejudiced against singing schools, and I fear they have too much reason to be so; but I hope you and I will conduct our school in such a manner as to disarm prejudice and win all the sensible folks to our side. I tell you what let's do; let's open

our school with prayer (we ought to "pray without ceasing" anyhow you know and ask the blessing of God on all we do) be well at school, and everywhere else, and then always sing at meeting to the end of our lives. And we must sing the Lord's songs, not the Devil's, nor the world's, for these will ruin our souls, while those will always be a blessing to us. St. James says, "is any merry? let him sing Psalms." St. Paul tells us to speak to ourselves in "Psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs." Then let us learn the principles of music that we may "sing aloud unto God our strength," and "make a joyful noise unto Him with Psalms."

We'll sing Old Hundred, in our hearts, and be dismissed till next week.

"O, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
When our Salvation's Rock we praise."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LIFE PAGES.

BY THE AUTHOR.

NUMBER I.

I ask your careful attention while, with the pen of an unskilled writer, I record a life page in my history. In 1847, I joined the 1st Regt. of Mich. Volunteers, and took passage for Vera Cruz. I was but a mere boy, for over my brow the suns of eighteen summers had not cast a shadow. In that spirit of love of adventure which has ever been a prominent trait in my character, I became a soldier. Enlisted during the War with Mexico. I pass over the time between our departure from the city of Detroit, and our arrival at Vera Cruz, merely mentioning, that we landed in the latter city about the 1st of February, 1848. Our Regiment was ordered to Cordova, situated 75 miles south west of Vera Cruz, and containing a population of eight or ten thousand. On our arrival we were quartered in different parts of the city. For several weeks nothing occurred of any account, and I for one was sick of the sameness of my situation. One evening I was placed on guard in front of a house, in which were assembled a number of the aristocracy of the city engaged in discussing the probabilities of a peace between Mexico and the United States, also passing judgment upon the final liquors of Don Jose de Mantin. For one long, lonely hour had I paced up and down in front of the window that separated me from the happy faces within, when my attention was called to a young girl of some seventeen summers, who had taken a seat near the window and was playing on the guitar, while plain English words, attested her knowledge of my own language. For the moment I almost forgot my duty, and leaning upon my gun, listened to the rich melody of her voice. She was handsome, the saxon and Moorish features intermingling. Long golden ringlets with coal black eyes, that sparkled like diamonds in the starlight. She ceased singing, and leaned thoughtfully against the window casement. A tall Spanish cavalier came to her side and endeavored to make himself agreeable, but she showed little favor for him. He left her, and she communed with herself again. Her handkerchief dropped from her hands, and fell on the pavement at my feet. It was the work of a moment for me to replace it in her possession, and she murmured thanks for my kindness in pure English. Then ensued a long conversation, during which I learned that her father was a Spanish Count exiled from his native land, for having taken a prominent part; that he had married the daughter of a wealthy English tradesman, and that the money which she brought him was their only means of support, as his estates had all been confiscated. Need I say that I was interested, that my first leisure hour was passed in the society of the old Spanish girl as she was called? You have already surmised as much. Some month's after our romantic manner of getting acquainted with each other, I happened to be out of the city, sight seeing, and seated myself in the center of a large Orange grove. The sighing of the wind as it swept through the perfumed branches, was all the noise that intruded to break the monotony of my meditations, until a faint shrill followed in quick succession by others came to my ear. I grasped my revolver with a firm hand; I started in the direction from which the sounds proceeded. Never shall I forget the sight, that met my view. Seated upon a large rock was the tall cavalier of whom I have before spoken, with Josephine de Mantin in his arms. In a moment I comprehended how matters stood, and raising my trusty pistol fired. A bound, a shriek, and the sound of a falling body as it struck the earth was the only reply I received to my strange but peremptory question, of "What's to pay now senior?" I stepped lightly over the body of the man, and raising the insensible Josephine in my arms, bore her to the spring near by, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing those dark eyes inquiringly at mine. "Not now, this is no time to explain. Take me home, and then I will tell you all, but where is he?"—Don Traxallo.

The BIBLE, a book for every body to read and study.

"I am of opinion that the Bible contains more sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."—Sir William Jones.

"I hazard the assertion, that no man ever did or will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."—Fisher Ames.

"The Bible is worth more than all the other books which were ever printed."—Patrick Henry.

"Young men, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker: read the Bible every day of your life."—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

"If a person would obtain a true knowledge of the Christian religion, let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially in the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter."—John Locke.

One reason why we see so few agreeable in conversation is, that almost everybody is more intent on what he himself has a mind to say, than upon making pertinent replies to what the rest of the company say to him.

"Oh he is gone the long journey," and without another word we walked slowly homewards. But I must hurry. It appeared by what I have been able to learn that she was walking with Traxallo, who was the husband her father had chosen for her, when he commenced taking undue liberties with her, and she called for aid, upon which he had struck her with such force as to render her insensible. Just then I came to the rescue and killing the wretch, won a wife, who is looking over my shoulder, as I write this, and advises me to tell I married for money. Well reader, I did. My wife is a treasure in more ways than one, as the many comforts by which I am surrounded afford ample evidence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE SPIRIT'S BREATHINGS.

Most affectionately inscribed to Emma Sophia Mills.

BY CLARENCE CARLETON.

"Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright;
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly cares away,
And in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE GAMBLER'S LIFE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER IX.

Within her solitary chamber, communing with her own thoughts, sat Fannie West. She was still beautiful, but sorrow and care had stolen a few beauties from her brow. Reports of her husband's propensities were day after day, breathed into her ears, but were met with scorn and contempt. But, when at last, time brought the fearful truth home to her, she bowed her head, and wept in the bitterness of her heart. His home was no more a home to her. Night after night would he absent himself; and when he returned, it was in a state that showed he was lost to every sense of virtue. His rest at night was disturbed by dreams, in which his fancy, wavy visions of gold. The chains were on him—they could not be sundered.

* * * * *
But night—the hush of nature's bed chamber! nursery of holy thought! my spirit loves to nestle here. Nature sleeps, having whispered a tender and loving "Good bye" to the guardians of the silent hours. Even now a peevish rest rests on the eye lashes of the young night, to be kissed off by angel watchers. My spirit would enjoy the pleasure, but fears to break the charm which rests upon surrounding nature. 'Tis now—at such an hour as this that drawing around it the heavy folds of its own pensive thoughts my spirit as it the enchanters magic influence, summons to its presence, the shades of those we love, and, with them, though far removed (it may be) hold sweet and holy converse. Spirit then answers to spirit—and heart to heart. Yes, "in the hush of night," in sacred thought, when nought occurs to mar the holiness of the hour, I meet the spirits of those whose purity of thought ever hovers over me, in the quiet chambers of the Night. Amid the green bower of more than earthly communion, my spirit feasts its exalted nature on themes baptized of heaven. Our immortality longs for such a time, for such a place, for such a theme. When thus surrounded, when thus employed, it dwells beneath the holy influence of a thousand halos, whose light is the taper of the soul—the chandelier of God's own Eternity.

Yale, Jan. 15, 1857.

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"The bank has been exceedingly lucky," said the gambler. "Let us see if your luck will not change it."

"I have accepted the invitation, and the

From the Southern Ladies' Book.
COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEO. D. PRESTICE.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come to me oft,
When the light wing of sleep
On my bosom lies soft;
Oh! come when the sea,
In the moon's gentle light,
Pours down the pulse of the night—
Like the pulse of the wave—
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loveliest blue,
When the dew's on the flower
And the stars on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come we'll stay
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is as sweet
As the coo of a dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathings of love;
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lessons they teach.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE GAMBLER'S LIFE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER X.

Once more he stood at the fated table—in three deals he had lost everything. Motionless—incapable of action, he stood and gazed as if stupefied with anguish, upon the pile which lay strewn before him. His reverie was broken by the voice of De Vere, saying;

"West, do you play again," and he shuffled the cards for a new deal.

"I have lost my all," was the reply, and the wretched man's voice trembled.

"What—have you indeed been so unfortunate?" said the villain, in a voice of pretended sympathy. "Have you nothing else to stake?"

"No, I am a beggar. I have nothing—absolutely nothing."

De Vere, unconcerned, went on shuffling the cards, then, after dealing them, said softly, "you have something left yet—a beautiful wife."

"Well, what of that?" demanded West, with a smile of indifference, but sorrow and regret in his eyes.

"Ten thousand dollars against Fannie."

"You are mad—deranged—you surely cannot mean it," cried West.

"Twenty thousand dollars for Fannie," again said the gambler.

Lost to reason—excited by the faint hope that he might regain his own, he hesitated—and the act was fatal. With a gloomy frown he nodded his assent to the stakes.

A few moments decided all—he had lost—the bank had won. A ghastly hue stole over his features, a faintness seized his frame, and pale as death, he staggered to the window.

One by one the players departed; the hall was desolate, when De Vere approached his victim, and said in a low, mocking tone;

"Well, sir, what next?"

"My God," replied West, with emotion, "you have made me a beggar, you have won my gold, but you are a madman if you think you have won my wife. My Fannie, to be bought and sold? By heaven, never!"

"Recollect, sir," said De Vere, my twenty thousand dollars have bought her, the next morning, "leave the company of that De Vere. He will ruin you," and the affectionate creature twined her snowy arms around his neck, and impressed a kiss upon his lips.

"Oh, Walter," exclaimed his wife, and burst into tears. "He will ruin you. You, yes and your gold. Ha, Ha, Ha, your money was staked for nothing."

"Let him laugh who wins," said De Vere scornfully. "As for myself, I do not despair. You have brought your wife to want and misery—it is you whom he will scorn. Now, listen, and then we will proceed to business. Walter West, I had upon him. In vain was resolve made, and made only to be broken.

"Again he plunged into the vortex; again was Victor De Vere ever nigh him; who by his taunts of being kept in bondage by his wife, had changed every virtuous resolve of the unfortunate dupe. Poor Fannie. Her happiness was altogether destroyed, and often she prayed that she might share the grave of her departed brother. Her pale face, and wasting form was ever before her husband. He at first treated her with coldness, which finally, settled in contempt. Often at night, would she lay awake, and pray and weep, and as she would hear the money boxes brought into the house, she would wonder upon them.

"Remorse, with its vulture fangs, had seized upon him, and destiny had drawn him to

FROM OUR PUBLISHING EDITOR.
A SONNET.
BY RICHARD G. STAPLES.

On memory's dusty page, I vauntly trace
The scenes of "loved and lost," who silent
Beneath the leafed soil, and gave and weep,
As though presence could find familiar face;
Bright scenes of former years are brought to mind—
"Or 'Truth and love," and prospects promising;
But ah! alas! that time on rapid wing,
Has left but blight and gloom to be behind;
The love of love is lost in blackest night—
And "sorrows, sadly sorrows to show
The changing scenes, while dwelling here below!"
While faint points hear'd through the gloom to light
And life?—those celestial courts above—
Where reigns the great I AM, with pard'ning love.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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HOME LITERATURE.

The TIMES, published in Greensboro, N. C., comes to us with an appeal to the Southern press, to aid them in their efforts to build up Southern literature. The appeal is well sustained on the ground of the ultra feelings that have of late prevailed at the North, and has found its way, more or less, in the periodicals of that section. Not long since, the Saturday Evening Post boasted that it had only lost 10,000 subscribers South, in consequence of the Williamson negro case. More recently, W. Gilmore Simms, a Southerner, devoted to literature, who had before the late Presidential election, engaged to lecture North, was compelled to abandon the undertaking, in consequence of prejudices which had been raised against him on the ground that he was a Southerner. These facts are notorious. Now, under these circumstances, why should not the people of the South, one and all, lend their aid to Southern periodicals and newspapers, and do justice to themselves? We have as good and deserving papers South as North, but they lack patronage to increase their ability for usefulness. We therefore commend the Times and all similar papers, throughout the South, heartily to the reading public, and ask for them that generous aid which they deserve at home. The refuse, ten thousand paying subscribers, withdrawn from the Post, concentrated on one Southern paper, would enable it more than to compete with any Northern paper now published. The time was, when we were dependent on Northern papers for foreign, commercial and other news, which the Telegraph now supplies us in advance of their papers, and this circumstance is favorable to the cultivation of home literature. Nor is Northern feeling reciprocal. How many Southern papers and periodicals printed South, are patronized North? Literally none—but their merit is what they may. Then let the desire so often expressed at the South to build up their home papers. This is one way by which we can do justice to herself.—Southern Recorder, Milledgeville, Ga.

We have before us the 4th number of the 2d volume of this deservedly popular Journal.

To establish and support a truly and sound literary paper has long been considered a desideratum at the South. The people of this section of country have to look for their newspaper literature to Northern weeklies—some of which may not be very objectionable, but which as a general thing, are strongly tinged with both anti-slavery and infidelity.

The hideous form of abolition may be detected in almost every production, i. e. interwoven in the very texture of their composition. The dray of free soil may scarcely be perceptible at first view, yet being written in conjunction with thrilling scenes and romantic adventures, it ingeniously ingratiate itself into the graces and favor of thousands of its readers.

This state of things ought not to exist, and we for one shall speak and write against it whenever and wherever occasion requires. None will rejoice more than ourself when the time comes, that men begin to think seriously about these matters, and not only think but act.

Our interest and our honor as a people require that we should not only establish but support Southern energy and enterprise.

From the large corps of contributors "The Times" have employed, (some of whom we know ourselves to be distinguished writers,) we feel safe in saying that this Journal will be well conducted.

Thus much we have seen proper to say upon this subject, not only in behalf of this particular paper, but in aid, though feeble it may be, of similar enterprises whenever properly established in the South.

We trust that the people of the Southern section of the country and especially of North Carolina will sustain "The Times" and not let it go down for want of patronage, like the people of Georgia did the Augusta House Gazette, merely because it was a home production.—Georgia & Democratic, Marietta, Ga.

"The Times" is the title of a Literary and Family Journal, published in Greensboro, N. C., a No. of which is now before us. "The Times" is an ally conducted paper, and should be a visitor to every Southern free-side; among its contributors are some of the most gifted of the American Literati. Our readers who wish to subscribe for a family paper, will not wisely by patronizing the southern press instead of supporting northern men whose only aim is to support our institutions, and we command the Times to their favorable consideration.—Florida Peacock.

The Review will next week in full.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.
BY CLAUDE.
NUMBER VI.

LAKE-CHAMPLAIN.
In 1608, Samuel Champlain, (whom Bancroft calls "the father of the French settlements in Canada") at the head of a company of French Merchants, established himself at Quebec, and having soon afterwards espoused the cause of the Hurons against the Iroquois, joined an expedition against the latter in 1608. On this expedition he discovered this beautiful lake, which still bears his name. The length of the lake is 120 miles. It contains several islands—the 2 largest of which are South Hero and North Hero, situated towards its northern extremity.

Plattsburgh—the scene of Commodore McDonough's brilliant victory over the invading force of Preseux, Sept. 11th, 1814—is situated on the western side of the lake. It was in this battle that Commodore McDonough received two wounds,—first by a broken boom and then by the head of one of the seamen, which had been shot off and thrown against him with such force as to knock him down. The following anecdote of this battle is recorded in some of our history's. Some hens, confined on board, Com. McD's vessel at the commencement of the battle, got loose during the tumult, upon which a cock, who was among them, flew to an elevated part of the vessel, and crowed vigorously. The seamen regarded this as foretelling victory, and were encouraged by it to fight on, despite of the danger.

Burlington, on the east side of the lake, is beautifully situated on a slope which rises gently from the water toward a distant girdle of hills, near which place repose the remains of Col. Ethan Allen.

Crown Point, on the west side of the lake—the old Fort St. Frederic of the French

—built by the French in 1731, captured

by the English in 1759, and taken from them by the Americans under Col. Warner.

The commandant of the fort was surprised

in his bed by Allen Arnold, and a few of

their followers, who had entered by a sub-

terranean passage, and made themselves

masters of it without any loss.

On being ordered to surrender, he asked by what au-

thority they commanded. Allen replied,

"I demand it in the name of the Great

Jehovah, and of the Continental Congress."

In the fall of 1775, Col. Allen, in con-

cert with Col. Brown, formed a plan to

take Montreal, but was himself taken pris-

oner, put in irons and sent to England,

where he was retained in prison six months,

and from thence he was sent to a prison-

ship in New York, where he remained a

prisoner for 18 months. Allen was a brave

man. The British knowing this, attempted

to bribe him to unite Vermont, an in-

dependent colony with Canada. He spurned

their proffered gold and showed that his

bravery and love of country could not be

bought for money.

All pronounce him an infidel—such ide-

ed he was—an open unbeliever in Chris-

tianity. He was the author of the first at-

tack of the Christian religion which was

ever written in America, and promulgated

the belief that after death, the soul of man

would live again in beasts, birds, fishes, &c.

& other notions still more absurd.

His wife was a pious woman and taught

her children the truths of Christianity.

Only one, a daughter, inclined to the same

strange opinion of her father, who, when

about to die, called her father to her bed-

side, and said:

"Father, I am about to die, shall I be-

lieve in the principles you have taught me,

or in what my mother has taught me?" This

was a fit moment to try his faith. He was

sensible of the importance of that question

—of the solemnity of the moment and he

replied, "Believe in the teachings of your

mother." Allen died suddenly in 1789.

Beach Spring, N. C.

A BUSINESS MAN.—Among the many

truthful paragraphs afloat on the set

of letters, none is true than the following

from the N. O. Picayune.

The men who do not take a newspaper,

(and pay for it,) might as well

retire into a monastery, for he is incompe-

te to come into contact with the man

who does.

Read the biographies of our

most successful merchants, and it will be

discovered that reading the newspapers,

and advertising in them liberally consti-

tuted the basis upon which they erected

their magnificent fortunes. It is impo-

sible to be a newspaper reader and not be

intelligent. The daily life of the whole

world is written down therein. Intelligence by railroad, steamship and telegraph,

burries over the land and sea, and the editor, with his unceasing pen, records it

for the public eye, forever.

The merchant, if there was one, in his

newspaper, and the cost of it

was two thirds of his gains, would be

obliged to be a subscriber or retire from

business. The newspaper in this country

is the agent which every person consults

when he wishes to buy or sell. A man in

this country may have nearly all the merit,

talent, and cheap goods in the world, and

they will be of no avail or profit to him

unless the fact is known to the people.

There is no other available way to disseminate

this information than by the press.

It is only necessary to give a little serious

reflection to this matter to become con-

vinced that the business man who knows

how to use the press is bound to succeed.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
FRIENDSHIP REFLECTIONS.
BY MATTIE MAY.
NUMBER II.

Among the most prominent and wonderful architects of our joys and sorrows, are our hopes and fears. The one bringing sunshine and joy, the other a distorted reflection of the first. And who so miserable as to cast aside the bright light of hope? Who plunged so deep in sorrow's dark abyss, as to feel unwilling to cast their eyes to the light of Heaven, and recognise "affections are wisely sent?" Now I ween, Hope with its syren voice can and will penetrate the deepest recesses of the heart; will twine its delicate fibres around the languishing spirit; and its soft, yet bright cheering light will robe the Future in "deckings of immortal splendor." It says a power over the heart, which can of all things give pleasure, and winds around the weeks of the Past, fresh wreaths all sparkling with dew-drops from Memory's urn. Sad-experience has purified the never-wearied wanderings of the mind, and every hope that is twined around the Future, glistens far brighter, for having been chastened in the furnace of affliction. Destiny is a thing of the Future, yet it is sweet to "hope on, hope ever."

But fear—that shrinking of the heart which makes cowards of us all,—that tremor of the heart-strings, which makes us quail when we should be strong and brave, is there no wise purpose which makes it a conqueror oftentimes? Yes, there is, but he who has those tracings are all mysterious, has thus guarded our hearts from many a evil communication: thus to preserve a fair and undivided life. Closely allied to fear and indeed a shadowy part, is presentiment. And is there really such a truth as is expressed in the oft quoted phrase of "coming events cast their shadows before?"

You may hear from me again.

J. E. E.

A VERY SINGULAR PRODUCTION.—We have never been more deeply interested in any production of our Southern mind, than in a little volume which we have been reading, strewed intervals for a week, and which bears the quaint title of "Black Acre vs. White Acre; a Suit at Law." Its title page carries the imprint of a Richmond publishing house, (J. W. Randolph) and it purports to have been written by J. G. Esq., a "Retired Barrister."

The suit, the proceedings in which are here narrated, is an allegorical one; the intention of the author being to show the real issues between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union. In such a work there is of course ample opportunity for the display of the intellectual qualities which are brought into a state of high development in the well-read, thought-paced lawyer

THE TIMES

Published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.
E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W.
ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEB. 12, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the *Times*.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the *Times*, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principles. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are produced at great expense, will be from the pen of the most gifted of the American Literary.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, by C. H. Wiley, State Superintendent of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each by the Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER: or, The GHOST, a Union Story presented by competent judges of most brilliant interest to be donated as a New Year's Present to the Times.

LIFE PICTURES: HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS, by Fanny Fielding, author of "Footprints of the Pestilence."

THE FAIR ROSETTA; or, HUMAN PERFECTION, by Stella Steele.

THE MAD CAP AND HER COUSINS, a prize story by Mrs. C. H. Cresswell.

SWEET FERN SPRING; or, THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by Miss Mary W. Jencin, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Deserve, the Quadroon," "Warning Star," "Baby Cross," &c.

HUGH LINSDIE: or, THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, Rob. G. Staples.

LAURA; or, THE SNOW FLAKE, by Miss Anna M. Bates.

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by Mat Social.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson.

GARCIA FENELON; or, THE TRULY GOOD, by Mat Social.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, by Fanny Johnson.

THWARTED PLOTS, by Clara Augusta.

FASHION AND FOLLY; or, WISDOM AND CHARITY, by Stella Clayton.

EMILY SOMERVILLE; or, CONSTANCE REWARDED, by Charlotte M. Finch, Associate Editor. N. Y. Literary Journal.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES: Their Present, Apparent, and Commercial Prospect, by one travelling Corresponding Editor, Wm. R. Hester.

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the *Times* a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

In order to meet our great expense and labor, we hope to receive during this month, at least 5,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Will not every one who loves home and home institutions, lend their name and influence to establish in their midst a great SOUTHERN LITERARY WEEKLY. With your help, we pledge you to spare neither labor nor expense to make the *Times* the best paper American genius can produce. We only ask you to try us one year.

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Adjournment of the Legislature:—We make the following notice from the Raleigh *Standard* of Saturday.

The General Assembly of this State adjourned sine die on Wednesday morning last, at one o'clock, after a session of eighty days. Some thirty-four public acts, and one hundred private acts and fifty-three resolutions were passed.

The Legislature of 1854-'55 was in session ninety days, and passed two hundred and sixty-three public and private acts, and sixty-one resolutions. That Legislature adjourned on the 10th February, 1855—the late Legislature, on the 4th February, 1857.

A number of private bills, of importance to persons and localities, failed to become laws on account of the time consumed on the last day and night of the session by this paper, that Mr. Geo. Heinrich has opened a Marble Shop a few doors north of the Court House, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of Monuments, Tombs and Grave Stones, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. Of course all persons in Guilford and the surrounding counties will prefer patronizing Mr. Heinrich at home, to sending abroad and running the risk of breakage.

NEW ENTERPRISE IN GREENSBORO:—It will be seen by an advertisement in this paper, that Mr. Geo. Heinrich has opened a Marble Shop a few doors north of the Court House, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of Monuments, Tombs and Grave Stones, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. Of course all persons in Guilford and the surrounding counties will prefer patronizing Mr. Heinrich at home, to sending abroad and running the risk of breakage.

PINS.—The New England Pin Company, in Washington City, was

engrossed from the Commons, if a final vote on these measures could have been obtained in the respective Houses. We speak of facts, and give our impressions only as to the strength of these two measures, without

intending to be understood as censoring any one for their failure.

On looking over and considering the acts passed, we find much in the way of legislation which cannot fail to be useful and beneficial. Much more would doubtless have been accomplished, if the majority of members, without respect to party, had been more easy in their minds in relation to the State's financial condition; and but for the necessity which existed for considerably increased taxation. Every public work, however, to which the State is already committed, by way of subscription or endorsement of bonds, and which applied for aid—with the exception of the Cape Fear and Deep River Company—was aided to some extent; and among these we may mention the Western Extension, North-Carolina Railroad, the Wilmington and Rutherford Railroad, the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal.

TRUTH:—Bacon—Johnson—Scott—Truth lies at the foundation of every virtue and excellence. A departure from it is the first step towards the gallows. A man may lie and yet never be hung, as many do—he may retreat his steps—he may stop, even at lying, but he who lies has certainly turned his feet into the path that leads to an ignominious end.

In the October No. of the London Quarterly, is a review of Whately's Edition of Bacon's Essays. The reviewer notices the Archbishop's refutation of Bacon's views on Truth. Bacon in one of his Essays speaks in lofty language of the honesty due to truth. He says, "There is no vice that doth so cover us with shame, as to be found false and pernicious"—quotes the fine observation of Montaigne, that the liar is daring towards God, and a coward towards man—"that the ablest persons that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of honesty and veracity." And yet in his "Advancements of Learning" he recommends that if any one has a foible, he should call it after the virtue which has the most resemblance to it, and pretend that dulness is gravity, and cowardice is boldness. He lays down the doctrine, that dissimulation under certain circumstances is admirable. Gives this as a case:—"That there are those who will so beset a man with questions and draw him on and pick his secret out of him, that without an absurd silence he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much from his silence, as his speech."

Bishop Whately in refuting this doctrine first illustrates it by quoting Dean Swift's reply to Bettsworth. Swift had published some insulting lines upon Bettsworth, a barrister, who called upon the satirist. "Sir" said he on Swift's enquiring his business, "I am a serjeant Bettsworth." "Of what regiment?" replied Swift. "Oh, Mr. Dean we know your powers of raillery; you know me well enough, that I am one of His Majesty's serjeants at Law."

"What then sir" said Swift.

"Why then sir, I am come to demand of you whether you are the author of this poem, and these villainous lines on me."

"Mr. Bettsworth," Swift answered, "I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers, who knowing my disposition to satire, advised me, that if any scoundrel or blockhead, whom I had lampooned should ask—'Are you the author of this paper?' I should tell him I was not the author and therefore I tell you, Mr. Bettsworth I am not the author of these lines."

Dr. Johnson decided that to escape the dilemma a direct denial was allowable. And yet whilst the Doctor maintained the right of an author to discover his productions, condemned with indignation the doctrine that it was right to deceive a patient as to his danger. He says "Of all lying I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has frequently been practiced upon myself. You have no business with consequences, you have to tell the truth."

Walter Scott practices the principle maintained by Dr. Johnson, and often denied when asked that he was the author of the Waverley Novels. Yet he usually, he says, took care to qualify the contradiction by the remark, that had he been the writer, he should have felt entitled to protect his secret by a false disclaimer.

Archbishop Whately the true view that no circumstance can possibly justify falsehood. That simulation and dissimulation cannot on any account, at any time be innocently practiced.

These instances show, how the strongest minds, capable of the nicest distinctions in mental laws, may be weak in discriminating in moral obligation, or in other words how the prejudices of the heart may blind the keenest sighted intellects.

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"MASTERLY INACTIVITY."—Having heard a late eminent statesman highly commended for inventing and employing this expression, we have examined several authors where similar phrases are found and it appears neither very new, nor very smart.

Boileau, in French, has, "l'abondance stérile." Cicero, says, "negligentia diligens, which means about the same as, careful carelessness. This is in his 23d Oration. In his tract on friendship, he says of friends, absentes absunt, though absent, they are present. In the 12th Epistle of Book 1. Horace has, concordia discors, discordant concord, to denote the "harmony of opposing forces" in nature, as attraction and repulsion. He has also a phrase that comes very near to "masterly inactivity," if this may not be regarded as an exact translation of it, strenua inertia, "laborious idleness."

We find too in one of his odes, insanius sapientia, insane wisdom, an oxymoron about equal to the example that Webster gives in his Dictionary to illustrate that term, "cruel kindness." We find many such in the Bible. Paul, 2. Thess. 3. 11. has, "working not at all, but busy-bodies," which in the original is more striking, "doing nothing, but overdoing." So in 1. Tim. 5. 13. "not only idle—but busy bodies." Rom. 1. 20.

"The invisible things of God are clearly seen;" 2. Cor. 6. 10. "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Pope has a man, "so obliging that he ne'er obliged," "wits or withings"—and "huge heaps of littleness." Lord Bacon makes a man gain, "dignities by indigencies."

REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS:—We find in the Petersburg Express of the 6th inst., an account of a Lecture, by our correspondent, Rev. J. E. Edwards, before the Norfolk Library and Scientific Institute. The correspondence of the Express, says—

"The distinguished reputation of the Lecturer drew together a large audience of ladies and gentlemen, notwithstanding quite a heavy rain was falling, and our streets were almost impassable by reason of alternate huge banks of snow, and miniature torrents of running water. Mr. Edwards has recently returned from a tour through England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent of Europe, and his subject—"American Tourists in Europe," not only gave the orator an apt theme for the display of the power of his genius—but was handled in a manner, both "grave and gay," now convulsing his hearers with laughter in his description of Americans in Europe, when some unmistakable live Yankee was introduced, and an ornate anachronism their very minds by his delineation of things and scenes he had witnessed, while on his tour. The scenery on the Rhine, in Italy, Scotland, the snow-capped mountains and wild scenes in Switzerland, the river from the dome of St. Peters, and indeed every object that meets the eye of an educated and intelligent tourist, in architecture, painting, sculpture and natural scenery was depicted in such an artistic manner, that it required but a little stretch of the imagination on the part of his hearers to yield to the belief that a bright and glowing panorama was passing before them. But running through the whole lecture a proper appreciation of his own "native land" was apparent, the gorgeous sunsets and glowing tints of Italy's sky, about which poets with "eyes in fine phryne rolling" have written tomes, were not more beautiful than those he had witnessed from our own Blue ridge, when the leaf grew "scar and yellow" amid autumnal frosts. The Rhine with its glassy surface, its overhanging cliffs and frowning rocks, without its appendages of ruined castles and crumbling towers was not more picturesque than many of our rivers—the Hudson, the North, or even our James, between Richmond and Lynchburg. Our object, however, being simply to express the great pleasure we enjoyed in listening to the reverend lecturer, and not to attempt a report of the lecture, we will only add that his concluding description of a night "when home-bound" on board a noble steamer, gliding o'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea, evinced the possession of a mind alive to the beautiful, and an imagination which glitters in the sunlight of poetry."

AN ABOLITIONIST ROUGHLY HANDLED.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Herald informs that the citizens of Fairfield, Hyde County, N. C., recently requested a Mr. Rowland Chapman, an abolitionist, to leave their county; but as Mr. Rowland Chapman seemed loth to go, a committee waited upon and escorted him into a dense forest, lying somewhere in the county of Tyrrell, and then led him to "all his glory." He having pledged him in "all his glory," to the heart and mind. Terms \$1 a year.

DELIRIUM TREMENS:—The N. O. *Piney* makes the following frightful exhibit. "Of the deaths in the Charity Hospital during the year 1856, no less than fifty-seven are attributed to *delirium tremens*." This certainly is a frightful exhibit for a single institution; and if that fifty-seven be added all those who, according to the verdicts of Coroner's juries, have died in this city, during the past year, from the effects of excessive intemperance, the list will be swelled up to over two hundred. Just think of it, reflective reader. Within a single year, in a single city, over two hundred human beings are hunted from the paths of honor and respectability by the demon of self-forced insanity, and are cast with loathing into dishonored graves. And not only did they bring ruin on themselves by their mad career, but innocent wives and helpless children were alike dragged down with them to poverty, and made to suffer ill, the extent of which will never be known till the secrets of all hearts are made manifest.

The subject is worthy of being well pondered by those who have set out on the way which leads to death from the effects of *delirium tremens*."

AN ABDOLITIONIST ROUGHLY HANDLED.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Herald informs that the citizens of Fairfield, Hyde County, N. C., recently requested a Mr. Rowland Chapman, an abolitionist, to leave their county; but as Mr. Rowland Chapman seemed loth to go, a committee waited upon and escorted him into a dense forest, lying somewhere in the county of Tyrrell, and then led him to "all his glory." He having pledged him in "all his glory," to the heart and mind. Terms \$1 a year.

GOLDSBORO' TRIBUNE:—We learn that Messrs. J. L. Pennington and Jno. G. Parker are now associated with Mr. Robinson, the former editor of the Tribune.

NEW YORK BANKS:—The amount of capital in the city of New York was \$50,263,000. The number of banks 56.

AMERICAN RAILROAD and Steam Navigation Guide, for the United States and Canada. This publication issued monthly by Dinsmore & Co., N. Y., at the very low price of 25 cents, contains 256 pages, with a large map of the United States and Canada. Every railroad in operation, in construction and in prospect, is marked upon the map. It also contains numerous small maps throughout the book. The schedule for all railroads and steam navigation is generally accurately stated and corrected monthly, with the price of passage from point to point. We find, however, on examination, that the winter schedule on the North Carolina railroad is not given.

FREE-WILL BAPTIST JOURNAL:—This is the title of a proposed new Church paper. We know of no instrument so effective in promoting the interests of a church, as a good organ. The Baptist of this State should, therefore, take a deep interest in the "Journal," and see that it is well sustained. A good paper costs money, and without a liberal patronage it cannot be sustained. See prospectus.

NEW STATES.—Two new States are about to be admitted into the Union—Minnesota and Oregon—bills for that purpose having passed the House of Representatives last Saturday. Citizens of the United States—native or adopted, are only to vote for delegates to the Conventions for forming the state constitutions. A bill has been introduced into the House to authorize the people of Kansas to form a state government. The Territorial Council of Kansas has repealed some of the laws which were considered objectionable, such as those which affix the punishment of death to the circulation of incendiary documents, &c.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Free-WILL BAPTIST JOURNAL:
THE Annual Conference of the Original Free-Will Baptist of North Carolina being desirous of publishing a weekly newspaper, bearing the above name, the undersigned Committee were authorized, at the last Conference, to make a proposal. The design is to publish a family paper, which will be religious in tone and sentiment, and maintain the doctrines and usages of the Free-Will Baptist Church, and will be devoted to the general interests of the State. In fact it is designed to furnish intelligence for every class of readers. In size and appearance the *Journal* will be equal to most religious papers in the State, and it is hoped to render it so interesting and instructive as to attract patronage from the public.

The *Journal* will be published at two dollars (\$2) per annum, (invariably in advance.) The first number will be issued as soon as the list of subscribers will justify its publication. It is desirable that as large a list of subscribers be secured as possible. Ministers and all others having friends in the world, are respectfully solicited to secure and forward the names of as many subscribers as possible, (being particular in writing the subscriber's name and Post Office in a plain hand.)

The *Journal* will be published under the supervision of a committee appointed for that purpose. The payment will be required on the appearance of the first number.

All subscriptions and letters relating to the paper, must be directed to J. H. Jackson, Kinston, N. C., until further notice.

JESSE H. JACKSON, Committee,
W. L. TYER, Committee,
J. H. JACKSON, Committee.

THE INAUGURATION:—The 4th of March will soon be here, and the present administration will lay aside their official. It is said the ceremonies at the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan will probably be very imposing. The city will be filled with visitors from all parts of the country, carried thither by interested motives and by curiosity. Military companies from various cities will be there, and there will doubtless be a grand procession. It will move from the National Hotel at 12 o'clock, and march to the Capitol, the military, civic associations, &c., with flags, armaments, &c.; but no offensive emblems or devices will be permitted to disturb the occasion." The Assistant Marshal from North Carolina is Wesley Jones, of Raleigh. There is to be a grand ball at night.

IMPORTANT DECISION IN REL

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
MARY.

BY MARY C. CARLTON.
I'll remember thee still and the days that are past,
For a hole of beauty about thee is cast;
And still from thy brow, though the angel be driven,
Or fades from thy bosom the impress of heaven;
Like the soft gleaming star in the summer's deep night,
They'll throw o'er my darkness their beauty light.

Time blights with his passage man's hopes and his schemes;

And darkens "the Colour de rose" from his dreams;

And the sunshine of life once blissful and gay,
Grows mournful and plaintive as life passes away;

But the memory of moments now perished and gone,
Shall return to this bosom deserted and lone.

They'll come when the mist and the shadow of years

Have gathered around me in darkness and tears,
When passionate strife with this cold world has wrought

On thy beautiful brow the deep traces of thought,

They'll bring me again on their silvery wing

This bright beam of bliss of life's fleeting spring.

They'll come like those visions and dreams of delight

That made other's existence so gladsome and bright,

They'll stir the deep heart till the pulse in each cell

Starts leaping up wildly beneath the bright hand,

And life seem for an instant to kindle once more

With that impulse of gladness that thrilled it of yore.

I'll remember thee still; though suffering and sin

May leave in this bosom dark stains where they've been;

Though the unending heart from the world be strained,

And thy bright buoyant spirit be stricken and changed,

I'll remember thee, Mary, so bright and so gay,

And pray for thee ever as life passes away.

Statesville, N. C.

The Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
HESSIE ABBOT:

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY "LEILA LAUREL."

CHAPTER VIII.
History of the gold coin.

"Mother, to-morrow is Thanksgiving, and poor old Mr. Clayton and aunt Sally have nothing to remind them of the bountiful goodness of our universal Father, and I wish I could do something to make them happy, and feel as if I had done it. Are you willing I should kill my duck that aunt Lucy gave me and carry over to them?"

"Would you be willing to, Hessee?"

"Yes, mother, for I could get another."

"But that would not be the one your aunt gave you."

"I know it; but aunt will not blame me if she knows how poor they were. While all around them are revelling in plenty—seeming to forget that one dies on potatoes and Indian bread, I do not wish to be so lost to suffering humanity as to forget them."

She sat thoughtful, as if devising some way that she might relieve the monotony that pervaded the life of Mr. Clayton and his aged wife. Her head rested upon her tiny hand, so white and pale that the veins shone prominently through their silky covering. She started, as if a new thought had originated in her brain—then suddenly relapsed into the same thoughtful mood. Again she started—the thought was settled it cost a struggle—she had decided.

"Mother?"

"What, my dear?"

Again she hesitated.

"I have decided to take my gold coin and buy something for poor old Peter and his wife. I did not like to part with it a few moments ago, but that is all gone now. I feel as if it was given me to make them happy."

"But uncle Hessee gave it to you," said her mother, wishing to test whether she had any scruples about parting with it.

"I know it, mother, but he told me to do what I pleased with it, and it would please me most to buy some little dainties for poor Peter more than anything else; but, if you are not willing, I will not, mother."

"My child, it is the good spirit that directs you; but it is the evil, or the selfishness of our natures, that is trying to invent a plausible excuse for not reliving the distress of others, when ample means are at our command. I wished to see if you really desired to give it to old Peter."

Accordingly the gold coin was changed and one half expended for old Peter. When Hessee went with her nice little basket with a fat chicken at the bottom, a little tea, a pound of sugar, some raisins and flour, with numerous other little articles that made up a nice Thanksgiving, tears of heart-felt thankfulness moistened the eyes of old Peter, and he raised his hand to that God who "suffereth not a sparrow to fall without his notice," nor the "christian see beggarn bread." He could only express his thanks by imploring the blessing of God upon her youthful head.

It is useless to say that Hessee was happy, supremely so, at the thought that one heart had responded in happy tones at her bidding. "Go and do likewise," ye little ones, who have some change hoarded up for the purchase of some self-gratification. Put away the selfish thought and follow the example of little Hessee. Her heart was of no better material than yours; only overcome the evil propensities and pray for strength, and it will come—the strong arm of the Father will aid you, and you will become like Hessee.

TO BE CONTINUED.

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the stock that grew in the sapling.

OUR BOX.

QUESTION 11.—A traveller called at a store and bought a hat at \$5. He paid a \$10 bill. The merchant, not having the change, passed the \$10 to his neighbor. When the traveller had left, it was discovered the \$10 was counterfeit. The merchant who sold the hat had to redeem the counterfeit bill. How much did he lose by the trade?

THE BEST METHOD OF CONDUCTING RECITATION.

In a late number of the Educational Journal published in Forsyth, Ga; we find the following rules:

1st. In Mathematics, the Moral and Natural Sciences, let neither teacher nor pupil bring a book into the recitation room.

The teacher should always review and make himself fully master of the lesson before the class enters the recitation room.

2nd. Each member of the class should be able to give in the pupil's own language and in proper connection, all the prominent principles of the lesson, accompanied with the illustrations. Let the pupil be encouraged to present original illustrations. If the "sums," or problems in the lesson are not recollected exactly, something just like them will answer as good, if not a better purpose.

The teacher should not confine the class to the lesson in the book.

3d. As soon as a class has gone through with a general subject, as Optics in Philosophy, non-metallic substances in Chemistry, the Law of Benevolence in Moral Philosophy, &c. a review of the whole subject should be required. Each pupil should then state the leading principles, barely mentioning the illustrations. The teacher now must see to it, that every member of his class has these principles fixed in the mind regularly, like so many links to form a perfect chain. A failure upon this point is apt to make the whole work abortive.

4th. When a still more general subject has been studied, let the class review again; and so, when through the whole work, review it until correctly and thoroughly understood. The writer thinks he cannot express his disapprobation too strongly of teaching advanced pupils by questions and answers.

Other teachers may have methods equally as good, if not better. We would be glad to hear from them upon this subject.

—

FARMHOUSE AND FUN.

I WONDER—When a young man is clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, smokes "fain cigars," drinks "nice brandy," attends theatres, balls and the like, I wonder if he does all upon the avails of his clerkship.

When a young lady sits in a parlor all day with her lily white fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother don't was the dishes and do the work in the kitchen?

When a deacon of the church sells strong butter recommending it as excellent and sweet, I wonder if he don't rely on the merits of Christ for salvation.

When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if he will not by and by go four times?

When a young lady laces her waist a third smaller than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten life some dozen years or more besides making her miserable while she does live?

When a young man is dependent upon his daily income and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the ravages of insects.

What Roman general do the ladies ask for in leap year? Marius (marry us)

Good Advice—Never marry without love, nor love without reason.

The man that sows dissensions between a man and his wife, is very apt to reap axe-helves and mop-sticks—a poor crop, and not worth cultivating.

Just for the fun of the thing, we should like to see a stuttering woman, or a Quaker with a wooden leg.

Why is a cat running after his tail like a Millerite? Because he has his latter end in view.

HINTS ON PRUNING FOR THE SEASON.—We have often given our ideas of pruning, and cannot do more than give merely an outline now. Never cut a limb of more than half an inch in diameter in the month of March, April or May; but cut it in June, October or November, and always cover the wound, even of small limbs, with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. Cut out where limbs cross, or where they incline, too many of them, to the inside of the tree. Do not cut off the young side shoots and leaves in the growing season, as they are placed there to elaborate sap, and will increase the growth of the tree. As a general thing, too much pruning is done to young trees. It started judiciously, they need but little, very little trimming, annually, so that if the owner of a young tree has an uncontrollable desire to use his knife, he had better supply his pockets with several pieces of soft pine wood before he takes a stroll through his orchard.

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It is useless to say that Hessee was happy, supremely so, at the thought that one heart had responded in happy tones at her bidding. "Go and do likewise," ye little ones, who have some change hoarded up for the purchase of some self-gratification. Put away the selfish thought and follow the example of little Hessee. Her heart was of no better material than yours; only overcome the evil propensities and pray for strength, and it will come—the strong arm of the Father will aid you, and you will become like Hessee.

TO BE CONTINUED.

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the stock that grew in the sapling.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

CULTIVATE YOUR ORCHARDS.—It is beginning to be quite evident to the minds of sensible people, that good crops of fine apples are no longer to be looked for in Ohio, except where some little attention and labor are bestowed upon the orchards.

At the same time it is obvious that the demand for good fruit is every year increasing, and those who plant orchards judiciously, and cultivate them wisely, are sure to reap a liberal reward for their labor.

Those who already possess orchards of some excellence, may render them vastly more productive and profitable, if they will only consent to bestow on them half as much care and labor as is necessary to secure a good crop of corn or potatoes; and those who refuse this reasonable demand, do not deserve good fruit.

Stirring and enriching the soil, and judicious pruning of the trees, are the great requisites of orchard culture; and the great neglect of these, is the chief cause of the premature decay and general unproductiveness of orchards.

The common practice of seeding orchards with grass, as soon as the trees are fairly started, and keeping them in sward at least three-fourths of the time while bearing, is about as wise as to expect a crop of corn without previous plowing or any cultivation.

"Terra Cultura" is a humbug, but the doctrine that the roots of fruit trees need the influence of air, sun, rain and dew, more fully than it can be secured when the surface of the ground is covered with living grass or grain, is as true as any other fact in agricultural science.

The roots of trees of bearing size will ramify every foot of mellow soil, to a distance of fifteen or twenty feet in every direction from the trunk; and every blade of grass, and every leaf of growing plant or weed, may be regarded as so many suction pumps continually drawing moisture and nutriment from the soil beneath, and at the same time shutting out the fertilizing influence of the atmosphere from above.

This is not mere theory, but fact confirmed by all the observations and experience of those who have tried the experience of keeping the ground around fruit trees clear of grass, weeds, and crops, and the surface mellow by an occasional stirring with the plow or cultivator during the summer. Try it, doubtless Farmer, and let us know the result!

Enriching the ground is the next step to be taken, especially in renovating old or unproductive orchards. Much is said in some of the agricultural papers about the use of chemical or special manures for fruit trees, as ashes, lime, sulphates and phosphates, guano, etc., all of which may do good, but in nine cases out of ten, in Ohio at least, none of these will be found worth their cost. The best and most available manure for fruit trees and all other crops, is STABLE MANURE. Guano is good, only because it possesses the same elements, but it is of vastly greater cost, in proportion to its value. Ashes and lime, too, are good, especially on old lands, or where naturally deficient of lime; but not as substitutes for manure, but as adjuncts thereto.

The present is a good time for applying manure to orchards, and plowing it in. Then it will permeate the soil and prepare the roots to furnish a good supply of nutriment for the blossoms and young fruit in the Spring, to enable the leaves and branches to bring to perfection their ripening treasures in Summer and Autumn.

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